

AN
ESSAY
ON
FACTION.

*Oh! could'st thou charm the Malice of a Statesman,
And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge,
Thy Preaching might reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more.*

ROWE'S Ambitious Stepmother.

*Oh! born in Blindness! and in Faction bred!
How long the Maze of Ruin will you tread?
Enrich'd with Blessings by the mildest King,
Still will you curse the Hand from whence they spring?
Is in your Bosoms all Religion dead?
Is Gratitude, and Faith, and Honour fled?
Have you no Sense of Guilt, no Dread of Sin?
And does the Watchman Conscience sleep within?*

AMHURST'S Conspiracy.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. PEELE at *Locke's-Head* in *Amen-Corner*.
MDCCXXXIII. (Price One Shilling.)

AN ESSAY ON FACTION.

O! couldst thou show the Master of a Nation,
 And make him quit his Ruin of Religion,
 Thy Factions might reform the guilty World,
 And Vice should be no more.
 Row's Ambitious Stepmother.

O! born in Blindness! and in Factions bred!
 How long the Masses of Ruin will you tread?
 Enrich'd with Blessings by the wretched King,
 Still will you curse the Hand from whence they spring?
 Is in your Bosoms all Religion dead?
 'Tis Gratitude, and Faith, and Honour fled?
 Have you no Sense of Guilt, no Dread of Sin?
 And does the Western Conscience sleep within?
 Amhurst's Conscience.

L O W D O W.
 Printed for J. PELL at Locke's Head in New-Corner.
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Then let Sedition lose its hateful Name,
And Faction's Clamour be the Voice of Fame.



AN ESSAY

ON FACTION.



HALL baleful Hate unwearied Vigour use;
And black Sedition prostitute the Muse?
Shall Faction's Rage our every Bliss invade?
Shall Scandal triumph in her impious Trade?
And does Delusion through PANDARUSUS reign?

Or sleeps ASTRÆA midst the tuneful Train?

Rise, Goddess, rise, inspire adventurous Song,
And hold thy Mirror to the murmuring Throng,
Revive old Time from History's first Page,
Recall to View the Work of every Age,
Through all her Annals trace *Britannia's* State,
And mark the *ÆRA* of a better Fate,
When Nature's Rights knew a securer Bound,
When higher Freedom show'd Delight around.

Then

Then let *Sedition* lose it's hateful Name,
And *Faction's Clamour* be the Voice of Fame.

BUT Malice ever publick Bliss withstood,
And blinded Folly knows not her own Good.
See, Love of Change the *British* Race betray,
And Heav'n's best Gifts delight but for a Day;
With their own Choice ne'er can they long agree,
Too wise for Slaves, nor yet content when Free;
In vain of all that Earth can give, posselt,
In Plenty wanting, and in Peace unblest;
From Man to Man the swift Delusions roll,
And factious Madness blinds the Patriot Soul;
No more the Charms of legal Rule he sees,
But, surfeited with Health, invokes Disease.

How just His Clamours, and how true his Woes!
Do thou, *Britannia*, faithfully disclose.

Say, do the Furrows of thy Land complain?
Has greedy Rapine e'er decreas'd thy Grain?
Does Tyrant Force thy Courts or Senates awe?
Or skulks Oppression in the Garb of Law?
Do for the Widow's Sighs thy Sorrows flow?
Or mourn'st thou melted with the Orphan's Woe?
Does injur'd Right e'er languish unredrest?
Does Virtue weep, by partial Power oppress?

Say, Would'st thou God and heavenly Myst'ries scan?

Is Conscience fetter'd with the Laws of Man?
Is Faith in Bonds of Priestly Craft confin'd?
Does Ought restrain the all-exploring Mind?
Is Worship modell'd by a Mortal's Will?
Dread'st thou a *Strife* or a *Schism-Bill*?
As his own Mind directs, each Suppliant bends,
And Praise to Heaven in every Form ascends.

Then

Compulsion is a Monster, only bred,
 In a base Heart, and a distemper'd Head,
 The *Tyrant's* Engine, and the *Bigot's* Dream,
 Erroneous Judgment, like a muddy Stream,
 By gentle Motion only will refine,
 And flowing free with true Reflection shine.

Rise, hoary *Thames*, speak from thy oozy Bed,
 And, awful *Neptune*, lift thy sedgy Head;
 Say, rolls thy Ocean with diminish'd Pride?
 Does BRITAIN there with lessen'd Navies ride?
 Ye Waves, that bear her Fleets to every Shore,
 Did ye to *Thames* e'er bring an ampler Store?
 Great King of Rivers, view the plenteous Load;
 Tell when thy Streams with richer Honours flow'd?
 Did ever Trade with wealthier Tides return?
 Exhaustless as thy own immortal Urn.
 Then while unnumber'd Sons thy Joys proclaim,
 And through remotest Lands exalt thy Name,
 To HAMPTON'S blest Abode with Triumph ride,
 And swell each Silver Wave in honest Pride:
 Let every *Naiad* cheer the freeborn Stream,
 With grateful Song, and BRUNSWICK be the Theme.

Religion rise, array'd in purest White;
 Say, fear'st thou yet the Gloom of Papal Night?
 Does Blood thy Vesture stain, as oft of old?
 Or art thou Votary to each Shrine of Gold?
 No; freed from Earth thy Heavenly Charms engage,
 And CAROLINE erects thy Hermitage.

There, all ye Wise and Good, behold your Queen,
 The Sun surveys not a more lovely Scene:
 O'er Science, see her Guardian Influence spread,
 And deathless Honours grace the Learned Head.

See Reason fearless every Power employ,
 And taste securely Truth's untainted Joy:
 Behold the *Busts* of the Glorious Few,
 Whose Minds unfetter'd did her Light pursue:
 What Honour waits each venerable Name!
 How dear, how sacred to immortal Fame!
 Thy Labours, LOCKE, shall ever bless Mankind,
 The clearest Mirror of the clearest Mind:
 E'er shall they chase dark Ignorance away,
 And on the Soul pour intellectual Day;
 While WOLLASTON directs unerring Choice,
 Religion must be *Truth* and *Nature's* Voice.
 So CLARK declar'd, and liv'd; but Rhime's too faint,
 To speak that great Philosopher and Saint.
 If Love to Men beyond the Grave has Place,
 Still shall his Spirit wait on BRUNSWICK'S Race:
 Still, CAROLINA, shalt Thou fill his Prayer,
 And all the Heavenly Choir make Thee their Care:
 CLARK could unvell black Superstition's Arts,
 Yet plant immortal Hopes in earthly Hearts:
 He could the *Sceptick's* joyless Doubts remove,
 And charm the *Bigor* into Christian Love.

Nor less thy Works, Illustrious BOYLE, delight,
 There secret Nature lives reveal'd to sight;
 Guided by thee, we trace her beautiful Store,
 We catch thy Flame, and as we read adore:
 Could human Wisdom see Duration through,
 Still Deity would fill the amazing View;
 Wond'rous Immensity no Space can find,
 Where Order speaks not the Eternal Mind;
 But bounded is the Intelligence of Man,
 Nor able the Divinity to scan.
 NEWTON, whose Mind explor'd all *Nature's* Laws,
 Unfathom'd left the Universal Cause:

NEWTON,

NEWTON, th'Astonishment of every Land,
 Nor less surpriz'd th'Athereal People stand,
 To see a *Mortal* learned in the Way,
 Where never reach'd the Sun's remotest Ray.
 Such are the Men whom BRITONS should revere,
 Like LOCKE sagacious, and like CLARK sincere;
 Unstain'd, unbrib'd, how charms the honest Mind
 By Virtue noble, and by Truth refin'd:
 How warms the Heart, that bounteous as the Sun,
 Has but one View, and all Mankind that One.

So shines the Chief, who is his Country's Friend;
 Whom Terrors cannot warp, nor Favour bend;
 Nor fordid Avarice, nor envious Hate,
 Debase his Soul, and make him meanly Great;
 But true to Honour, and in Action fair,
 The general Good exhausts his every Care.
 Would *Arbitrary Power* a Realm enthral,
 His Life must first by the Usurper fall:
 If *Faction's* wild deluded Rage he hears,
 Thoughtless of Self, he for the People fears,
 No private Aim sinks his Endeavours low,
 To *Tyranny* and *Tyrants* only Foe:
 'Tis lawless Force his upright Heart would shun,
 Dreadful alike in *Multitudes* or *One*.
 Shall the Lamb fly the single Lyon's Way,
 Nor Wolves give Fear because in Herds they prey?
 From every Harm the *real Patriot* guards,
 And Publick Happiness his Toil rewards.
 Cease, *Faction*, cease where-e'er thy Hate succeeds,
 A CICERO's banish'd, or a SYDNEY bleeds.
 Hence in DEWIT's all shocking Fate delight,
 And in a RALEIGH's Blood thy Triumphs write,
 Could Merit e'er thy sightless Wrath assuage?
 No: MARLBRO's Laurels but increas'd thy Rage;

Pest of all Time, back to thy native Hell,
 By thee the bravest and the wisest fell.
 Great SOMERS mourn'd thy ever restless Brood,
 And just GODOLPHIN was by thee pursued.
 Learn, BRITONS, learn, false Clamours to despise,
 See your own Good, and as you're blest be wise;
 Or fond of Ruin, will ye madly join,
 The known Opposers of the BRUNSWICK Line?
 And can the *Sons of Liberty* unite
 With *D'Anvers* neutral to Religious Right?

With Eyes unveil'd each guileful Leader view;
 See whence their Labours, for *Themselves* or *You*.
 When Priestly Night hung horrid o'er your State,
 When BRITAIN trembled on the Brink of Fate,
 Did they for *You* her only Balm oppose?
 Was it your Cause that made them BRUNSWICK'S Foes?
 That *Titan* like could lift the impious Spear,
 And with blind Rage attack JOVE'S Image here.
 Recall the Reign of that illustrious Man,
 All equal, good, all true to NASSAU'S Plan;
 In vain they saw him valiant, wise, and just,
 Their Work was Strife, their Whisper dark Distrust;
 And more despairing, as you're blest the more,
 See, GEORGE now envied as his Sire before;
 The wily *Serpent* still assumes the *Dove*,
 And *private Malice* boasts her *Publick Love*;
 Or whence their Toil to fill the Realms of Death?
 Why sicken'd Concord at their every Breath?
 When the World's Rest was your Great MONARCH'S Care,
 When all the Bliss of *Peace* was center'd there;
 Did Publick Love his every Wish oppose;
 Obstruct his *Treaties*, and befriend his *Foes*?
 Does Zeal for Commerce e'er delight in Blood?
 Or Joy her Navies in a Crimson Flood?

Would

Would faithless War your clamour'd Debt decrease?
Or hate they Taxes who were Foes to Peace?

Thou, Goddess *Liberty*, each Heart inspire,
Thee *Justice* bore, and *Wisdom* was thy Sire,
Life of our Isle, BRITANNIA'S better Day,
Ne'er *Phœbus* warm'd her with so lov'd a Ray;
Eternal Prudence watch thy every Hour,
And guard thy Virtue from the Crush of Power;
Ne'er be thy *Bark* on Seas of Faction tost,
Nor in the Waste of wild Confusion lost;
May GEORGE'S Line thy Foes for ever awe,
Faithful to thee, and thy Twin-Sister *Law*;
Such now He shines, to all our Rights sincere,
Die, base Suggestion, and each idle Fear.
But, Envy ever liv'd, and what Surprize,
That black Ambition should assume Disguise?
Should strive her Tyrant Wishes to conceal,
And cloath her Lust of Power with Publick Zeal;
Use every Art the Honest to betray,
And hunt in *Patriot Mask* the glorious Prey?

So when th' Arch Fiend, replete with Guile and Hate,
The Birth of Pride, and of a Mind ingrate,
Sought all that's good, all Order to destroy,
And spread Confusion through the Realms of Joy;
The sacred Name of Freedom He prophan'd,
And the Divine Abodes with Discord stain'd;
The fell Delusion on each Angel seiz'd,
Bliss was no more, and Heav'n itself displeas'd;
'Twas Bondage all, 'twas all an Iron Rod,
And the lost Hosts refus'd the Reign of God.
Heav'n shield BRITANNIA from Contention's Blast;
Oh! may her blisful Morn be ne'er o'ercast!
Still, WALPOLE, live Superior to thy Foes,
Still, fly thy own, and seek the World's Repose,

Statesman approv'd, thy Country's faithful Guide,
 We know thy Worth in utmost Danger try'd;
 No Acts illegal stain thy generous Fame,
 No Deeds of Cruelty defile thy Name;
 Vainly, injurious Rage thy Views withstood,
Peace, next to *Freedom*, the sublimest Good,
Peace, plenteous Source, more fertile than the *Nile*,
 Was e'er the Subject of thy constant Toil;
 For this, the sleepless Night, the anxious Day,
 While countless Slanders pass'd contemn'd away:
 Long may we trace the *Royal Mind* through Thee,
 Secure each Civil Right, and every Conscience free.
 What though the Sons of Strife incessant rail,
 And brood the *false Reproach*, the *fraudful Tale*!
 In every Age the *Best* have met thy Fate;
 And Envy ever has pursued the Great.
 But when *Ambition* shall all humble lie,
 When *Malice* fires no more the vengeful Eye,
 When *Calumny's* inhuman Joy shall cease,
 Resentment die, and fretful *Spleen* have Peace;
Posterity thy injur'd Fame shall right,
 And set thy Merit in impartial Light.

Is there a Man so turbulent of Soul,
 Not sacred Friendship can his Rage controul?
 Not Reverence for his King his Pride refine?
 What wonder He's a Foe, and, *WALPOLE*, thine?
 Oh! had his Aim been only *Britain's Good*,
 Still P——y midst her favourite Friends had stood;
 But, leagu'd with B——k, will Wit atone,
 For baneful Discord through a Nation sown?
 Successless Hate corrodes his rankled Breast,
 And *Vows unfinish'd* all his Hours infest.
 Or errs the Muse? and is it unmix'd Zeal
 That glows so ardent for the Publick Weal?

Is He for *Albion's* Bliss so anxious grown,
His Heart dares trust no Virtue but its own?
So good, it grudges that our happy Land,
Should owe her Glory to Another's Hand?

All-searching Muse, the Work of Strife disclose,
Say, what the Scenes that in thy Vision rose.

As when some wealthy *Bark*, Oh! hard to tell!
Rides near a Shore, where human Monsters dwell,
More cruel than the Tyrants of the Deep,
Men that might make the savage Tiger weep;
If kind's the Face of Heaven, if friendly Gales,
Breathe plenteous Hopes, and fill her spreading Sails,
The horrid *Harpye* with malignant Eye,
Her Safety sees, and fears no Storm is nigh;
But when o'er all the Deep hangs dreadful Night,
And every Face is pale with wild Affright;
When howling Winds with boundless Fury rise,
And lift whole Seas tumultuous to the Skies;
When from the Center gapes the watry Grave,
And Death tremendous hangs in every Wave;
Joyful He hears the fatal Tempest roar,
Hopes every Surge will multiply his Store,
Blesses each Rock that shall a Vessel break,
And feasts his Wishes with the future Wreck.

So *Faction* many a Year with secret Pain,
Saw through *BRITANNIA* blissful Quiet reign;
Saw, Justice o'er her happy Realms preside,
And Plenty swell secure it's golden Tide;
Unable longer to sustain the View,
To *Discord's* dire Abode enrag'd she flew;
Where all the just and friendly Passions die,
Where mighty Mischiefs in quick Embrio lie;
There fate the *Fiend*, revolving sad her Fate,
Her former Triumphs and her present State;

The

The shrill bleak whistling Wind, and dashing Wave,
 With Noise contentious fill'd her Sea-beat Cave;
 When *Faction*, thus disclos'd her lab'ring Breast;
 " Oh! glorious Discord, Foe to human Rest,
 " Rouze every Power, and be no more dismay'd,
 " 'Tis *Faction's self* implores thy potent Aid;
 " Life of my Hopes, Oh! make my Cause thy Care,
 " 'Tis thou alone canst chase away Despair;
 " Oh! break this hateful Calm, thy Labours join,
 " *Peace* is alike thy Enemy and mine;
 " In every Corner let thy Voice be loud,
 " And spread Delusion through th' unthinking Crowd;
 " *Ambition, Malice*, all thy Engines bring,
 " And teach the People not to love their King;
 " But let *Hypocrisy* in Patriot Guise,
 " Conceal the great Design from honest Eyes;
 " Each Fear, each Terror on our Side engage,
 " And fill the giddy Multitude with Rage.
 " *Want, Avarice, Rapine*, to our Colours bend,
 " And *Disaffection* is a steady Friend;
 " What Spoils, what Trophies shall our Power proclaim,
 " When BRITONS live but to exalt our Fame?
 So spoke the *Monster*, and with Savage Joy,
 Fell *Discord* heard, all eager to destroy;
 She breath'd her Spirit in each favourite Son,
 And strait the Work of Wickedness begun.

Here, *Caleb*, Scandal's most assiduous Slave,
 Sate raking Dirt in an old Royal Grave,
 The Fine He sifted, for his Use unfit,
 The Coarse He kept for Work of plattick Wit,
 Which Parallels like optick Figures drew,
 Deform'd and hideous to the natural View;
 But led by *Faction* to the Point of Spight,
 Each Piece appear'd all regularly bright.

Here

Here Folly liv'd on Wind, and every Gale,
 Renew'd her Life with some amazing Tale;
 Her Son, a mighty Politician grew,
 And more He clamour'd as the less He knew;
 Pretended every Mystery to descry,
 Could tell what rais'd the *Bills of Entry* high;
 When Trade was sunk and lost, He too could tell,
 Why Money there was none when Interest fell.

Fog fir'd with Right Divine in mortal Blood,
 At *NASSAU'S* Statue threw a Load of Mud;
 Greatly He toil'd, and sweat, but sweat in vain,
 'Twas Heavenly Work, and would receive no Stain;
 The Filth recoil'd, 'till cover'd o'er with Mire,
 Horrid He stuck, unable to retire;
 Nigh, pining Envy stood, by Scandal fed,
 To *D'Anvers* looking for her Weekly Bread.

But see, at once, these sickly Shadows fly,
 And Patriot Visions catch my wondring Eye;
 What idle Fears have fill'd my pensive Breast,
 When all is Harmony, and all is Rest.
 She comes, the great uniting Power, behold,
Tory and *Whig* are in her Triumphs told;
 Lo! They who to a King their all would give,
 Who think a Nation but for One should live,
 Now blend delightful, with the Tribe that hate
 All Kings alike, and every Regal State.
 The *Jacobite* his Favourite Cause denies,
 No more to *Rome* He casts desiring Eyes,
 But true to *Whigs*, to all your Views sincere,
 What have you hence to mourn? or whom to fear?
 No more shall you lament too kind a Throne,
 Nor murmur that its Smiles are all your own;
 See, *Tories* free you from the new Disgrace,
 And bear for you your worst Reproach, your Place.
 Lo! *Faction* rules, reversing *ALBION'S* Fate,
 And *B-G-R* regains the Helm of State.

D

Secure

Secure in Him, how will her Power advance!
 How rise her Commerce! and how tremble *France*!
 And dares she trust his prostituted Soul?
 Is He her *Hope*, her *Center*, and her *Pole*?
 Will He forgoe the Byass of his Heart;
 And spite of Nature act a constant Part?
 Or roves He treacherous through *Parnassus*'s Bowers,
 But to prophane Wit's ever-pleasing Powers?
 Gains He the glorious Heights of *Classick Ground*,
 Only to spread the Lures of Ruin round?
 So soars the Eagle near the God of Day,
 Wond'rous His Flight, but all his View is Prey.

Oh! *B---d*, thirst not only for Applause,
 Nor with Anathemas defile thy Cause;
 Let no Neglect thy worthier Powers blot,
 And when thou mov'st a *Senate*, learn for what;
 Ne'er vainly think that Libels on thy King,
 Will no Dishonour to a Patriot bring;
 Let Fame delight thee much, but Justice most;
 Men will suspect the self-applauding Boast,
 If in each Look, and in each Speech be seen,
 Or peevish Anger, or ungenerous Spleen.

But who's the Chief that vaunteth by thy Side?
 Bespeaks that Pompous Mien a *Plumb* or *Pride*?
 Is He the Friend of Fraud? no, last such Art,
 He may indeed be mov'd, but feels no Smart;
Tory and *Whig* alike his Wilnes share,
 His own Importance fills his every Care;
 See, like *Virginia*'s Plant, his Patriot-Flre,
 Burn without Light, and all in Smoke expire.

Loud as the Winds see stormy *K---n* roar,
 Hearing himself when *Senates* hear no more,
 'Till Surge-like breaks the Patriot's high-swoln Wrath,
 And o'er th'unlistning Crowd besprinkles Froth.

Lo! *S---s*'s Form, in nice Exactness plac'd,
 With all the Majesty of Dullness grac'd,

Heavy,

Heavy, He drags each busy Day along,
And ever right, if Courts are ever wrong.

What Wealth, what Glory, and what Pleasures wait
Britannia's Sons when *Faction* rules her State.

See, Gratitude at last to *London* fly,
And *NASSAU's* Statues, cheat each *Merchant's* Eye;
See Loyalty again extend her Wing,
And City Sheriffs reverence their King;

See, *Whigs* no more corrupt by Royal Grace,
But *Tory* Virtue sanctify each Place.

Nor hence, *Dissenters*, shall ye mourn the Test,
Lo! *Fog* receives you to his faithful Breast;

See, fir'd with Freedom your *just Patron* rise,
And fill'd with Friendship for his new Allies;

Convinc'd that never will your Minds have Rest,
Till of the Church's every Right possess.

Already honour'd to attend his Side,
What glorious Days when He shall be your Guide!

When *Sh—n* shall for you make *Senates* gay,
And all that Thirty Years have said, unsay;

For you the *Courtier* lash, the *Clergy* stroke,
The florid Periods, and the Tinsel Joke,

All shine for you, all glister in your Cause,
Till some *Sacheverel* crowns your vast Applause.

Or bow you rather at fam'd *Wildfire's* Feet,
None can your Union with more Grace compleat;

Full skill'd with *Force* each Error to redress,
And all your Offspring *orthodoxly* bless;

How delicately will He form the Chain!
Correct the Heart, and shape th' obedient Brain!

Till Faith harmonious triumphs over Sense,
Nor leaves one self-born Thought to give Offence.

How blest, Oh! *W—m*, will thy Votaries be;

And *St. J—n's* Dictates how admir'd in Thee!

But

But while Sedition's Brood vain Terror spread,
 And fill Credulity with senseless Dread;
 While Party-Dreams unguarded Crowds infest,
 The *Wife* content in *legal Freedom* rest;
 Just BRUNSWICK's Offspring every Doubt disarm,
 And every Heart but hateful Envy charm;
 False Fears, like empty Spectres of the Night,
 By Darkness reign, nor bear th' Approach of Light.

If ought, Oh! *Faction*, can thy Madness awe,
 See BRUNSWICK smiling on the young NASSAU;
 Immortal Honour shall that Friendship bind,
 Which guards the Liberties of half Mankind.
 Illustrious Prince, thrice happy is thy Choice,
 The free-born World shall in thy Bliss rejoice;
 Thy noble Name, which all the Good revere,
 Sacred to *Liberty*, to *Europe* dear;
 Thy Name shall with Increase of Glory shine,
 And take new Lustre from the BRUNSWICK Line;
 For NASSAU shall each joyful Lyre be strung,
 And ANNA's Beauties cheer each tuneful Tongue;
 Like her Great Parent, grac'd with every Art,
 That can exalt the Mind, or glad the Heart;
 Long may Her Charms the Cares of Power defeat,
 And NASSAU feel, like GEORGE, his Bliss compleat.
 On them, chaste Love, thy sweetest Transports show'r,
 And Heav'n-born Concord guard each happy Hour;
 Endearing Friendship, spread thy peaceful Wing,
 Thou only canst unfading Pleasures bring;
 And to the Glories of the truly Great,
 Add all th' Enjoyments of a private State.

May to the Verge of Time their Race remain,
 And all Posterity see Freedom reign.

S I N I F